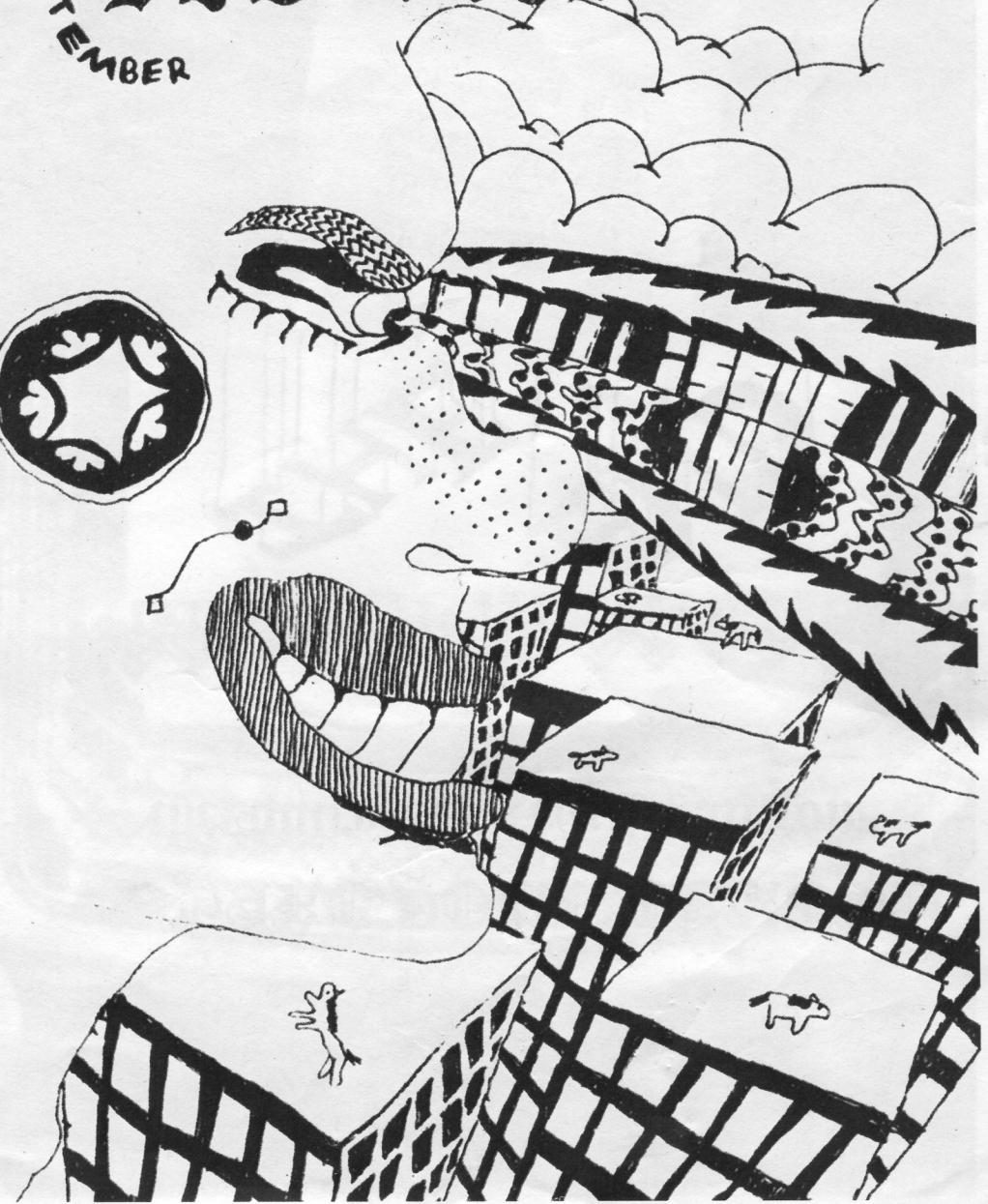
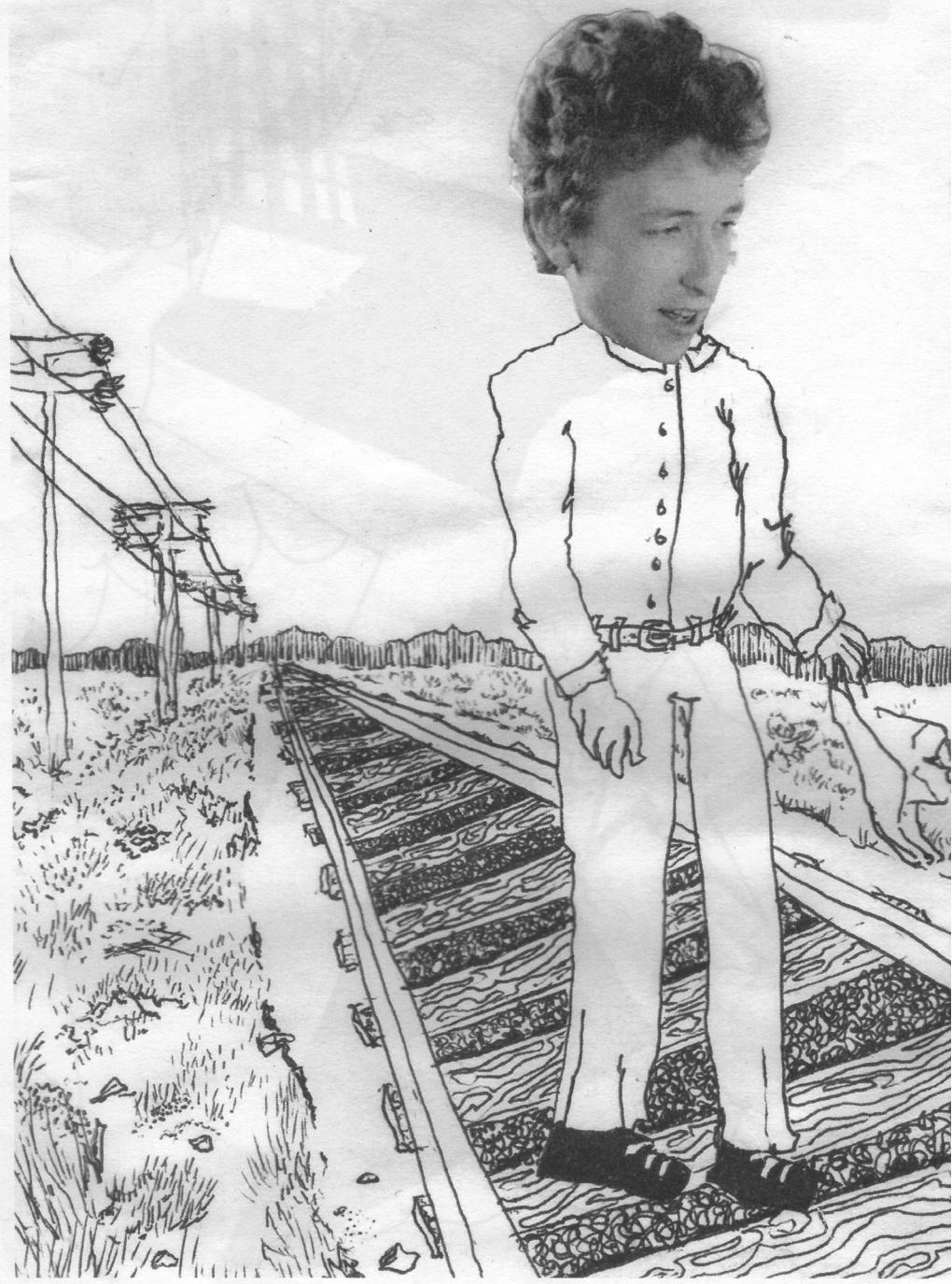


SQUARE INQUIRE

SEPTEMBER





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FOREWORD

Clit Eastwood

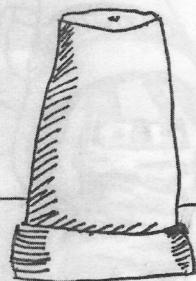
by Frankie Scinto



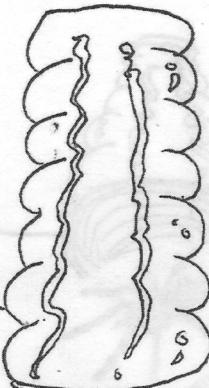
SOMETIMES I feel Like a cowboy
I feel the strut in my boots
and the jingle of whatever stolen chain I've wrapped
around it
and I really feel like a Road Warrior
wading through the people and the noise.
A mean motherfucker, headed straight forward to hell or high water
who could ride in like Alexander and conquer everything I see
I feel the power in my jeans
The strength in my boots
A strong glare and look
An imaginary camera that captures my cinematic determination
I get on the train and feel the looks
My feathers spiked
My plastic bravado
A real pigeon playing peacock
I ride with my windows rolled down and the music all the way up, and
tear through the heart of the world like a Mongol rouge
Like a wandering anti-hero looking for a fix of the world, lost and
searching for some greater feeling
Music in my head and hopefully a bottle in my hand
I walk past the path in mist waiting for the next chapter
I know I'm just a man, confused and empty,
throwing on my outlaw character to hide the fears
My mind goes numbs and I cross the line of reality and character.
Life is just a story to be told
And I want to be one hell of a fucking story. ☐

CHOOSE A CUP
CLAIM YOUR PRIZE

1



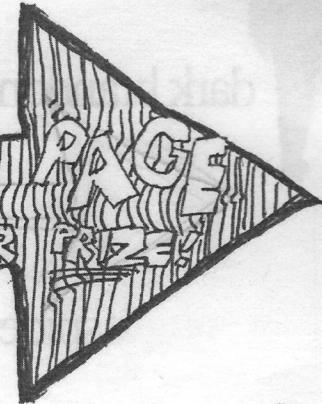
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3



TURN THE PAGE
TO CLAIM YOUR
PRIZE!



whaddu get?

1



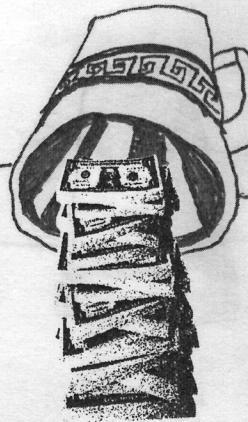
dark brandon

2



fly
in a
spider costume

3



a billion
trillion
dollars

OPINION

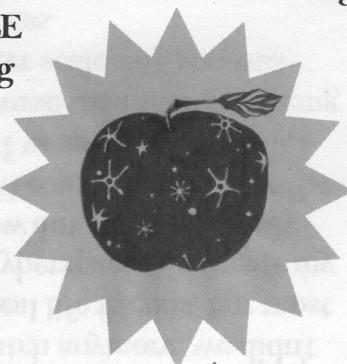
Apples

by Walter Pendleton

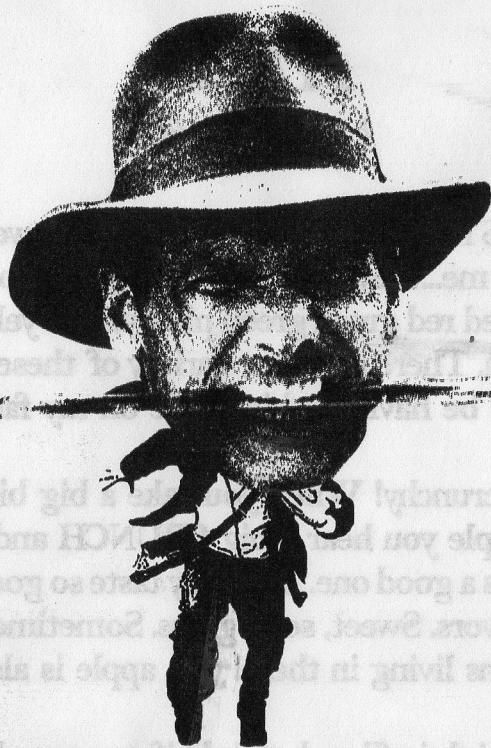
IS IT JUST me, or are apples just so awesome? (It's not just me...they're awesome.) Apples look so cool. Red green red red green green pink yellow yellow red red yellow green. There is such a variety of these little fruits that I could be having a big smile on my face for days!

Apples are crunchy! When you take a big bite out of a delicious apple you hear a big CRUNCH and that's how you know it's a good one. And they taste so good. So many different flavors. Sweet, sour, gross. Sometimes they even have a worms living in there! (An apple is also a home.)

Apples are high in fiber, but only if you eat all the skin. I once saw somebody eat even the whole core too! I would not be wanting to sink my teeth into that! Seeds, stems, yuck! And the gross little brown thing on the bottom? APPLE BUTTHOLE! Sounds like a big YIKES to me! Well, anyways, apples are everywhere, and I will even be eating one soon too. Because it is apple season, and I love the autumn. Happy harvest to all! ☘

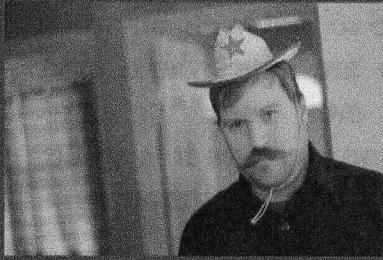


MY BODY IS A TEMPLE



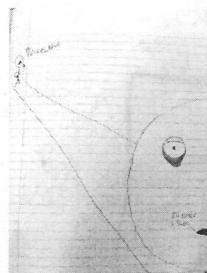
THE TEMPLE OF DOOM!

**STOCK
PHOTO
OF THE
MONTH:**

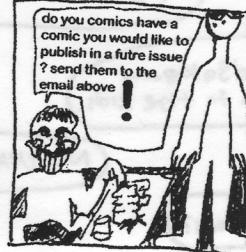


COMICS

Episode 1: pilot



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UNCO
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OFFICIAL UNIVERSITY SKATEBOARD



SPORTS/Outdoors

Football Does It Again

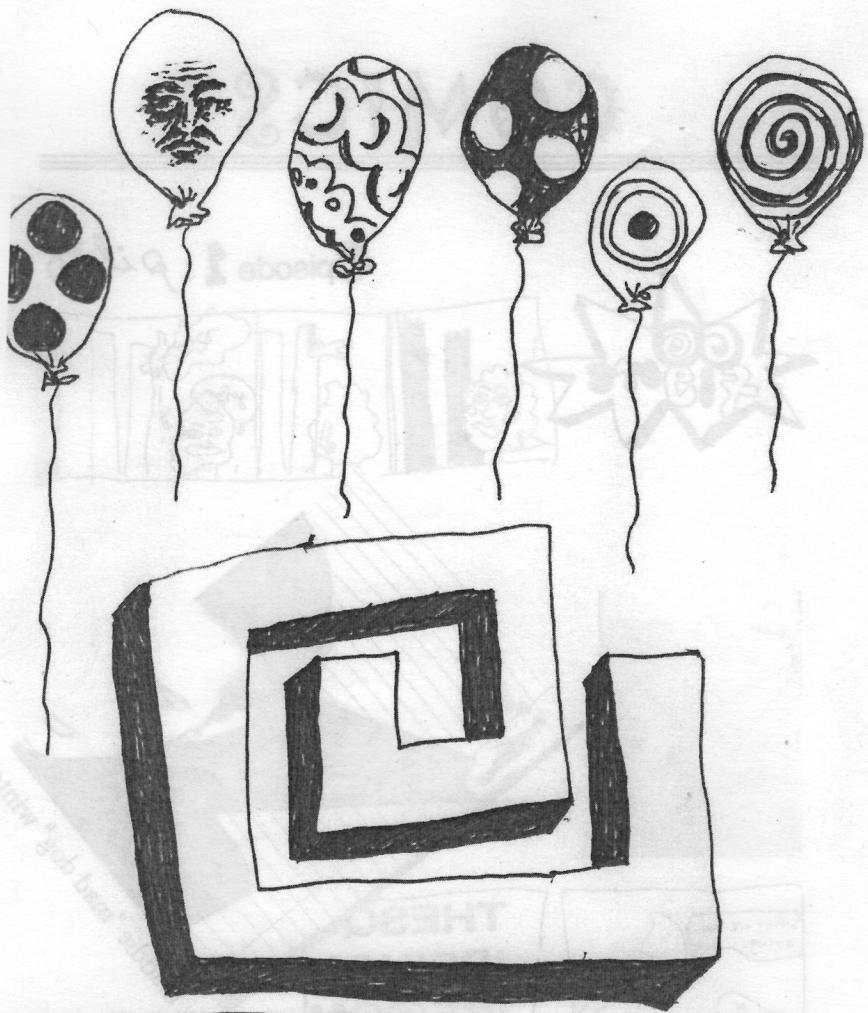
by Rodger Manshower

TODAY BIG FOOTBALL fans are doing just that—winning. They saw the big win come out of nowhere when the points were racking up, so they secured their victory when they got all the points. Even the ones from the other team. The other guys were pretty pissed about this, speaking to the press after the game. "What the FRICK! It's not even fair! Why didn't we think of that?" Yeah... they were NOT happy. The opposing team's coach spoke with us off the record about shipping those 'useless hunks out to 'Nam.'

Our boys and female will be staying on American soil. Fans and haters alike agree the victory belongs to the stand out quarterback, Grace Gringles, who has lead the team on an incrdbile winning streak for the whole season. Gringles breifly stopped for interviews after the game to answer the question on everyone's mind: How do you run so damn fast? "FOOTBALL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" was all she had to reply. ☘



Grace Gringles



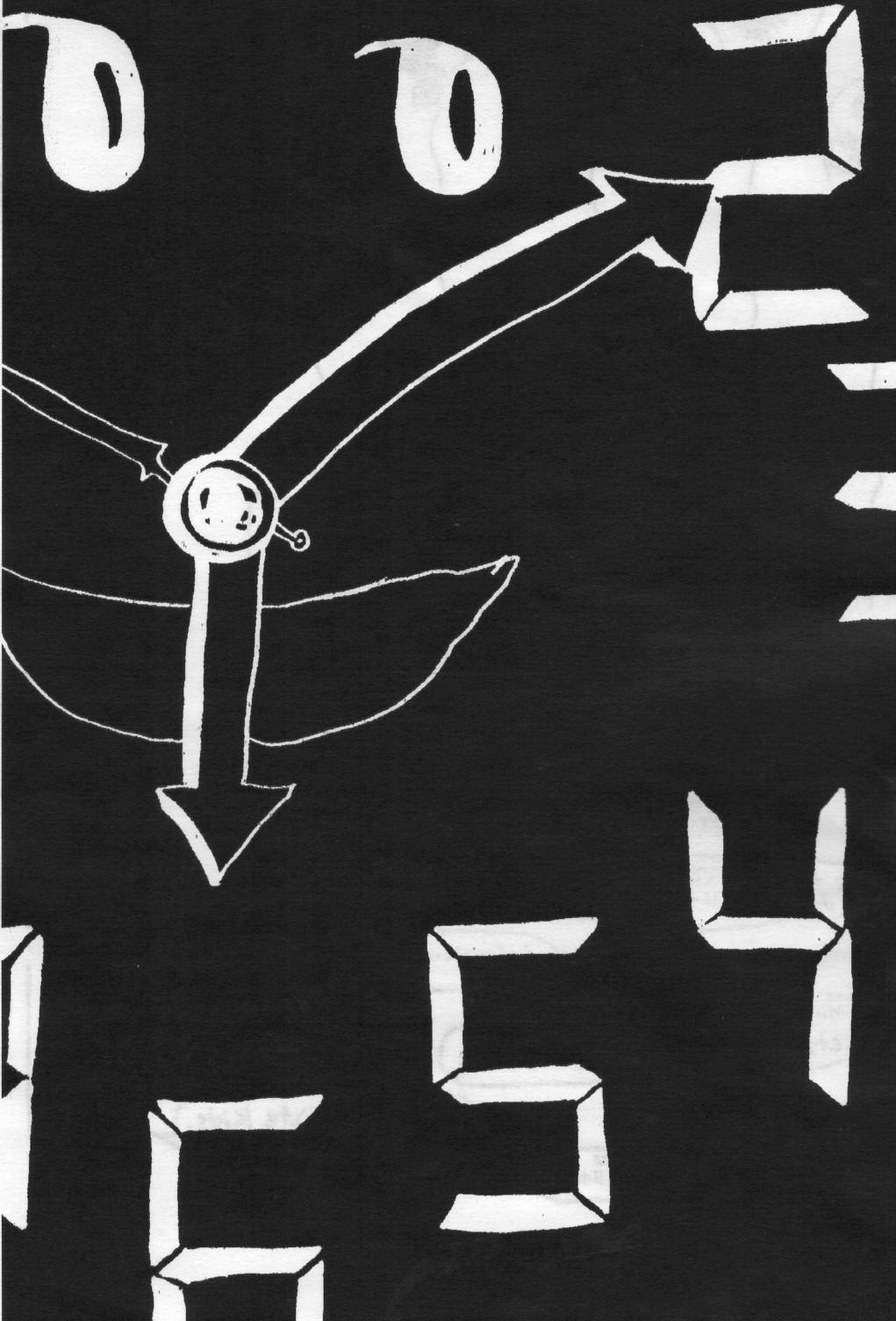
what the hell are we gonna
do with all these balloons?

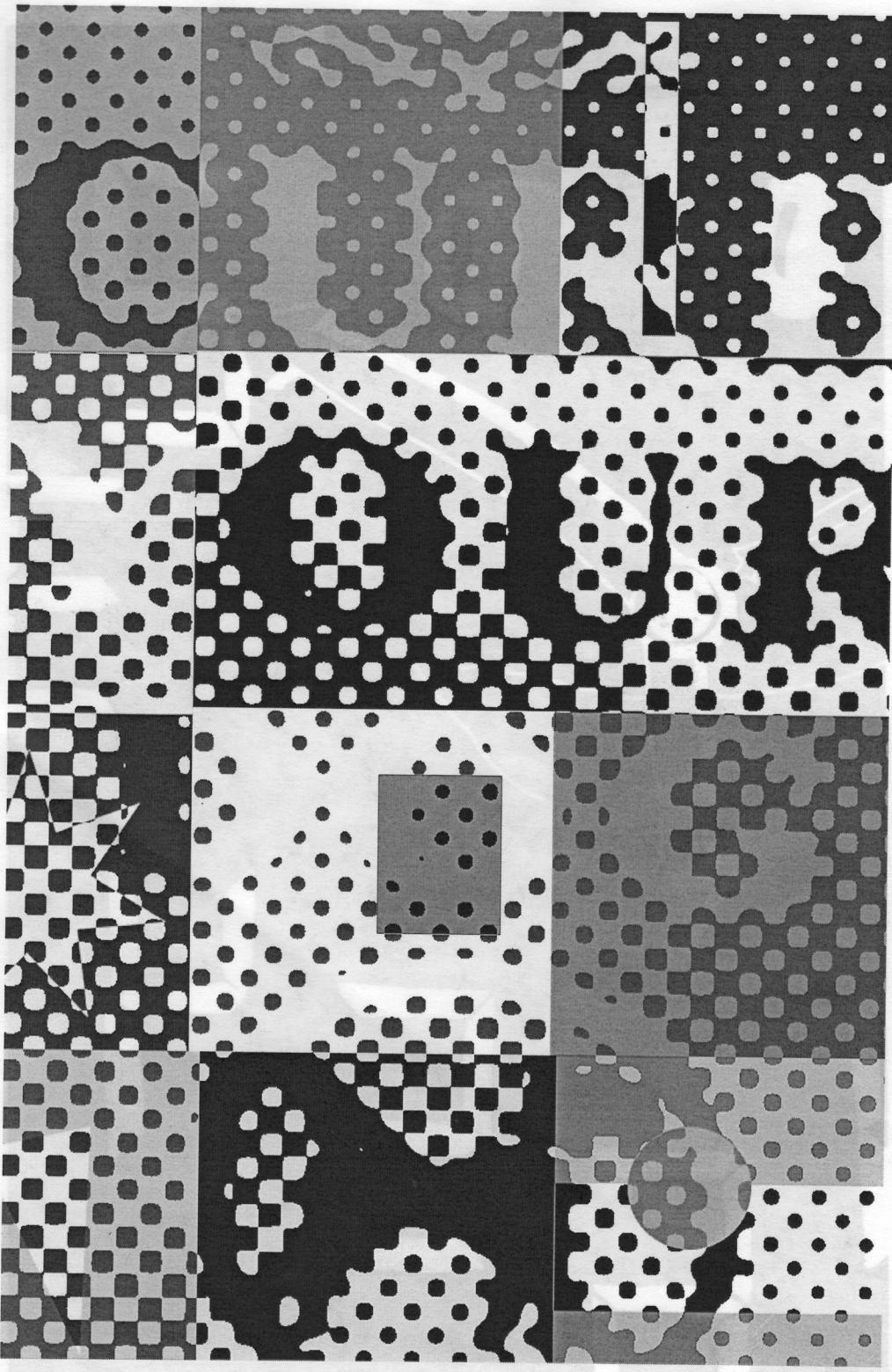
i dunno... i say we shoot 'em.

Shoot them? For god's sake—
lets just give them to the kids.

NO WAY. I Hate kids.

THEN why would you
waste your bullets on balloons?





SEPTEMBER CALENDAR

S M T W Th F S
S E P T E M B E R
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 H A R V E S T

Su	M	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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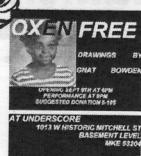
2



Roulette
Alternative Radio
Chapped Lips
The Living Johnsons

Falcon Bowl
801 E Clarke St,
Milwaukee, WI 53212
\$10
7:30pm 9/2/2023

3



OXENFREE
Exhibition and
Performance by
Gnat Bowden

Underscore
1013 W Hist Mitchell St
Milwaukee, WI 53204
\$5-10
6:00pm, 9:00pm 9/9/2023



Fellow Kingsman
Grain Ellevator
The Rosies
Ok Cool

Washroom
Milwaukee, WI 53211
\$10 18+
8:00pm 9/9/2023

11



Curbsitter
Useless Info
Pay Dirt
World in Action
Jagged

Cactus Club
2496 S Wentworth Ave,
Milwaukee, WI 53207
\$10
7:00pm 9/11/2023

Drummer Wanted

SEEKING A DRUMMER for a modern band with a willingness to experiment. Knowledge of rock, blues, punk, jazz, and swung patterns is preferred, but not necessary.



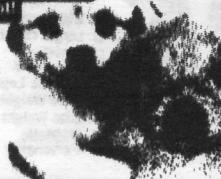
CONTACT: @close.upmagic.music
instagram

Hey I'm a black trans disabled person seeking mutual aid as I apply for disability

I am not able to work full time and I am struggling to make ends meet rn Anything helps as I fight for my benefits

My current goal is 300\$ Currently at 100 of that

Please reshare/repost It helps a lot!



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AID**
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See Dave's magnificent physique that won him a co-starring role in the movie “Don't Make Waves.”
We can promise you a movie career—but we can guarantee a strong handsome and improved body.

**HE ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES ON HIS ARMS
—4 INCHES ON HIS CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO!**

You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to step on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifegrand shoulders, muscralize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if today you own the skinniest, flattestest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put

an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—a my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into “Mr. Americas” and “Mr. Universes” successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!



JOE WEIDER, Dept. 84-122V
Trainer of Champions since 1936
25 Maple Street Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dear Joe: Shoot the word! Again, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man. However, I am a beginner and I am not sure what kind of gains I want to make. I have enclosed \$25 to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

JOE WEIDER
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“Mr. Universe,” “Mr.
Canada,” “Perfect
Mr. Universe”
Title winners since
1936. Trained over
2,000,000 successful
people the world
over!

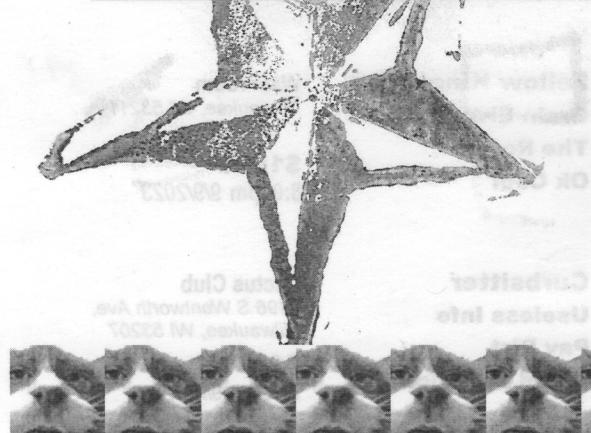
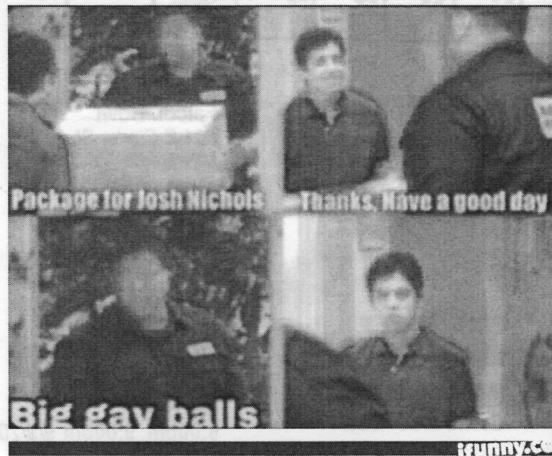
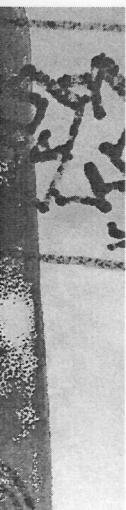
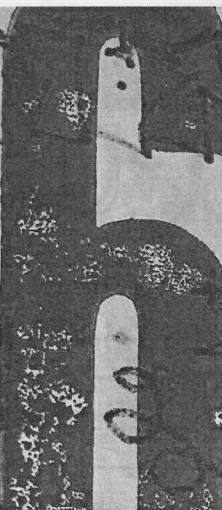
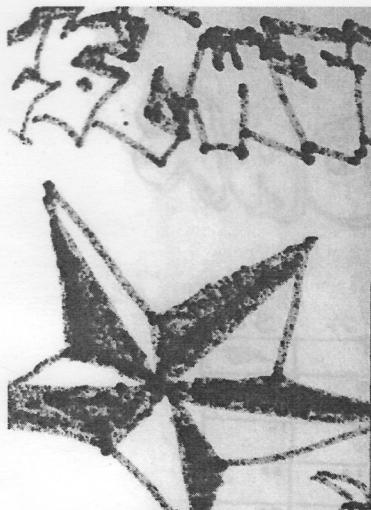
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ZIP _____
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- Larger Chest
- Broader Shoulders
- Athletic Legs
- More Weight
- Lose Weight
- Magnetic Personality





FICTION

Loving Father

by Joesph Beason



hen he was very young, his mother left to be in the stars, and I was left as a single Father. I never ever wanted to reprimand him, I never wanted to be the Father he would grow up to resent. I always wanted to be the cool Dad. I bought Taara II, which he would grow up to call his Mother.

These creatures at this time haven't completely been inducted into society, but she had all the same wants, desires, needs, felt hot, cold and everything in between. They had consciousnesses but what makes them so special for that? They get to suffer with everyone else. They worked just like everyone else, just simply under commands they were instilled to follow in their programming. They looked like everyone else. I even ordered the sweetest spit, but we never kissed outside of the appearance to our son that we loved each other. I simply ordered her as a Mother to my Son. Every son deserves a father. Every son deserves a mother.

As a Father I was able to be the perfect Dad, while his Mother was able to do all the dirty work. She would tell him to brush his teeth, do his laundry, drive him to school, she would help him bury his pets, bake him the dinners he wouldn't eat. Me, I would get home from work and be able to be everything a father should be. I could play catch, buy him ice cream, buy him new

pets, always be cool. His Mother took on all those tedious actions. How could you blame me? My son was traumatized from the loss of his real mother, why not give him a pure image of his father?



We lived in a two story, with a basement with a key. That was my only strictness I maintained as a father, that my son never enter our basement, as that's where I kept all the forms and warranties on his Mother... That was my forbidden apple, and I made sure the mother was no serpent to seduce my son to enter. The key was always in my close proximity, when it wasn't it was hidden away in my dresser.

The Mother didn't have much real say in how we I reared by beautiful child, if she ever did anything unorthodox I would tell her so. I hope my son doesn't recall the time I reprimanded her over what she found in his drawer. It was embarrassing for the both of us, but I swore she only wanted me to know because she had some vendetta against staying here with our son. She almost left then, but I wouldn't let her. We never addressed it to my beautiful Son. I made her promise to never tell a soul. My Son was young, he didn't know any better. I simply address that we found what was in his drawer you now only for I need to admit I lived this moment a million times, and a million and one was too much. It was inappropriate for a young man, for any man, for any person, but I must keep it a secret.

When my Son came to his teenage years, he became a little man. Much of his child-ish rage has filtered out into a quiet, calculated, kind boy. He had

no friends, he spent much time on his computer, but he was gorgeous. We didn't play catch anymore, we didn't watch movies, I still knew his real life friends, but most of his friends now lived in the cyberspace. He wasn't my best friend anymore, we all grow out of this, its only natural. Why would I be mad? We need to consider the peak concern that even though I wasn't getting what I wanted, there was something worse than him not being a daddy's boy anymore on a larger scale. My son was beautiful, and he wasn't getting ass.

So I decided, much like his Mother; I would order another android to appease my son of his animalistic needs. Much like a Mother, a man needs a woman to desire, a woman to desire him. So I ordered her to have this love engrained in herself for him, this beautiful love for his mind, for his body, all collected off of good memories I captured from his mother's capture card after the fourteen years was over that she was necessary. She had cameras installed in her pupils so I could watch my son the whole time, something I always wanted for the Mother but couldn't afford at the time. Alongside this fancy contraption was sensors, that I could receive and feel the feelings inside of her inside my own body. I could see my son's every move with her, I wanted to see how pure my little man was.

I was able to maintain a whole vision of her, rigged to a



signal in my basement, my computer banks of storage and transmitting information. The basement that immortally represents one of my biggest insecurities: when I lose, for a sliver of time, being the cool Dad. My secret chamber, my forbidden fruit to my Adam .

The girl was a beautiful ripe model, just built to satisfy him. The make up of her software still used electronic bits but for the most part, her interior looked like the inside of any other girl. So meticulously crafted that she had a sensation of feel. Even though she was built to do a command and work as a viewfinder into my sons life, she was just like a real girl. Her wants and desires were just like that of a regular teenage girl, but simply under my command. She would be my Eve.

They met at his school, in between third and fourth period. My son's shyness burst, as I saw him, jovially snarl at her, in a way that would make any teenage girl whimper; I mean I was whimpering through her eyes, it must've been the same sensation for her. I so wish she felt that burning like I felt that burning. I so wish her blushing came with the same love that it did for me. My Eve.

My son was the sweetest man. He bought her roses every Sunday. He bought her every single meal. He practically would be taking his jacket for her for every puddle. Maybe even a little too nice to her for my liking... I watched by son simmer his hand under her jaw, I felt her warm up and blush. It felt so good to feel these rushes from a teenage girl, all about my blood. I felt her endorphins roast and I felt it inside myself. She raged... Her heart sang

and I felt it in myself... And he walked her home... So chivalrous... I slept with her eyes in mine... My son was the best lover... He was away from the computer, he was not being a daddy's boy but I got the best gift of all, I got to see every moment of him in love.

My Eve, being a part of this bigger corporate model, wasn't not prone to some nervousness. Despite their programming, their heart acted in opposition sometimes, but their will always led them to stay programmed for their task. Taara V was the model, these models of creatures with man made will, but all the same wants and desires. What an ingenious design. Such a great buisness model, completely based around anonymity. No one would ever know that this girl who just came to school was one of these creatures, and most people, outside of those crazy men wearing tin foil hats outside DC, would question it.

So occasionally maybe I would feel things that felt against her will, things I took as admiration for my Son, which her pulsing read as fear. It made no matter to me. I slept with her eyes in mine like every favorite night, then one morning I woke up, a feeling of falling, and she was gone.



She went missing. My son was heartbroken. Distraught. Disorderly. He was off the edge, and he cried for her being missed. The school loved her but it was almost like she was a ghost, and everyone assumed she would never be found. When creatures such as hers have gone missing, they have not been found. Often scrapped for valuable resources, my violent cruel

intentioned souls, who would also scrap one like you or me who's organic for models like Taara to sell on the market. I was going to tell my son of the truth of her, that she wasn't real, that she must've been scrapped. I didn't enter the basement since this, out of respect for her absence. I could check elsewhere through her eyes, which read nothing, but no pulse from her, and my observational room for her felt disrespectful to her. But then, something became strange. My son didn't care the next week, almost like an act. He was distant from me, as he now was in his teenage years. I felt so alone, so I decided to go down and check if I could still find any service to her in my basement system. But the issue was, I couldn't find my key. So when he was at school, and away from his room which he would bury himself, I entered it.

I returned to the drawer, the drawer that sent his second mother to the stars, the drawer that made me question my fatherhood itself, and in there, among unspeakable things, things I never imagined, it wasn't the same as when he was a child. It reminded me of my cellar, my forbidden fruit, the boxes I kept in the back, but seeing my Son do the same, it was sickening. Among these sickening items, I found my key...

I opened up my tree of knowledge, it was dimmer than before. Walking down I felt like I was beginning to tumble, and as I hit the bottom as if I became wrapped in vines that forced me down. Memories from what must've been the last reading on my Eve's sensory bank. It was possibly damaged and I could only feel it now.

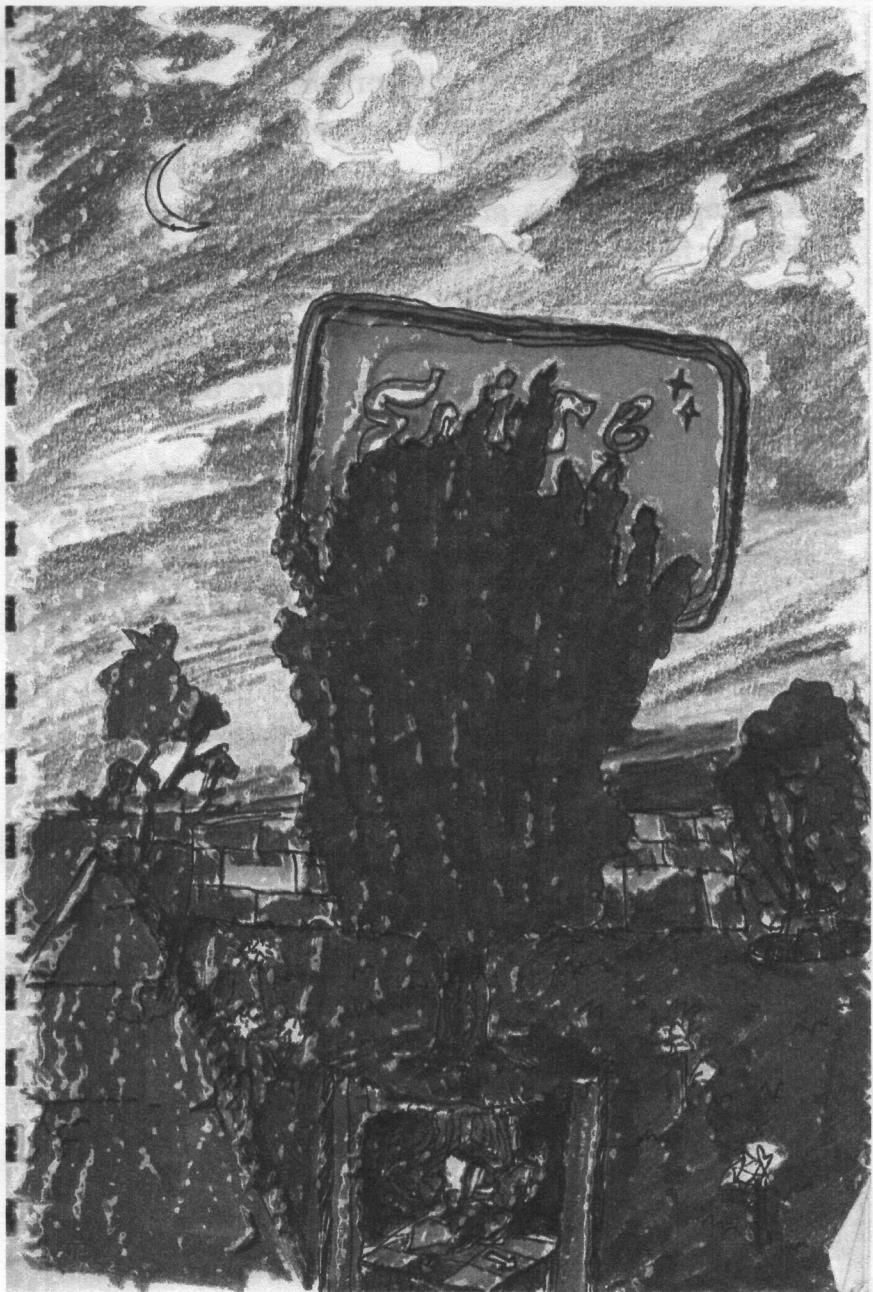
All those burnings inside her body I felt weren't like the burning inside my head, she burned of fear,

for my son I burned of sensuality. My beautiful son, my creation, this divine being more divine than me. I felt, looking at the remains splattered in bruises, bite marks and scratches, attempts

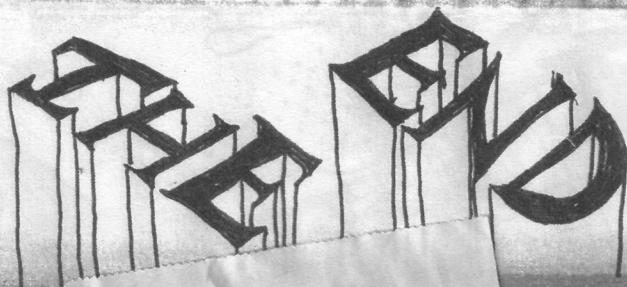
to escape the ropes, attempts to live for food and water; I felt her fear, I felt her resiliency against her programming, I was watching through the eyes of a creature move against their will, and I obsessed over it with passion. Furthermore, I have done the greatest sin to my soul.

I have broke my Son's trust... I have deceived him... As his creator I myself have tempted him to break and take a bite of my fruit of knowledge. Her bits were everywhere, all organic in appearance except for the scattered brain, the only circuit board. She was a robot anyway. As she was built with all these feelings. She feared him. The whole time I felt the face flush, she was afraid, and she was my Eve. I betrayed my Adam.

So I bought him a new one. 



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